

INTRODUCTION

As you will find out, my Father was a Doctor, and even though we had a close, nice, normal family life, being a Doctor, during my early years he was in General Practice, with home and office together, and then he went into Obstetrics, which takes even more time. I have many pleasant memories of my childhood. Later on, after he had some health issues, he spent some time in a nursing home. Some of my most pleasant memories of him, oddly enough, was during this time.

A Doctor has people waiting on him, hand and foot. Nurses, secretaries, assistants and more, all at his call. But when he was in the nursing home, he was dependent upon me. I took him a nice breakfast every Sunday morning, visited him often during the week, and during much of this time, he was bedridden. So, we talked and talked, something that had not often happened because someone was always busy doing something. Many of the incidents mention in this book, we talked about. Some I had heard before, but not in detail, and maybe being in a hurry, did not pay as much attention to the details.

That is when I suggested to him that he jot these things down, get them on paper, and inasmuch as I was in the printing business, I had the resources to do the typesetting, and ultimately print the book. The first issues, was set on a pair of Freidan Justowriters, an early typesetting system, punched out on a 1" yellow tape, and then run through a reproducer, actually, old IBM typewriter type equipment. It was what we called "direct output" which meant no room for error. So, the first book had a number of errors, but still, the fifty or so first ones, went fast to family and friends. This book, was set from a corrected copy, which had many scribbles and notes

I wanted to get recorded some of these incidents of his childhood, that would be unknown, after his passing. Thus this book. In many instances, he will refer to me, Joe, and Bud, my brother and perhaps other family members. He basically was writing this for my brother and I.

Dean Shannon Dooley and Joseph Bradford Dooley

CHAPTER I

Dear Bud, Joe, and families

I retired to bed January 8, 1975, feeling as well as usual. The day before I fell as a result of muscle weakness on my left side, but attached no special significance to the experience. I doubt if therapy had been instituted at that time much benefit would have resulted. I awoke quite early the next morning and being unable to go back to sleep, I arose to go to my chair in the family room to read. I had no thought that I was paralyzed, and only discovered my infirmity when I attempted to walk and fell against the door jam to the door leading out of our bedroom. I called Bessie, and dear Bessie with some new found strength was able to get me back in bed where we waited for morning so I could summon my son Joe. He came and called Dr. Mannino who recommended that I be taken to the hospital admitting room where I was admitted to a medical ward.

I was in the Licking Memorial Hospital for thirty days, receiving medical and physiotherapy treatments. My convalescence seemed very slow although I was able to ambulate a bit better, but still depended entirely on a wheel chair. New regulations regarding early discharge of patients facilitated my efforts to gain an early discharge from the hospital in advance of my clinical indications, and I might add, before I was ready to return home.

I soon found my home environment was incapable of rendering necessary care. We called Dr. Mannino, and instructed him to make arrangements for me to enter the Dayton Veterans Hospital. We chose the Dayton Hospital for its reputation of having a splendid Physical Medical Department. I was admitted to a medical ward and was in the care of an able internist who supervised my treatment. Physical therapy was started immediately, and I soon discovered the treatments I received in the Dayton Hospital were much more physical than the ones I had been accustomed to at the Licking Memorial Hospital. I also concluded that physiotherapy is a misnomer, in fact it is not therapy because there is no expectation of affecting a cure, only a hope of sufficient improvement to enable the patient to live with and tolerate his infirmities, encouraged by the hope of cure.

I was treated well at the Dayton Hospital, and I thought I had arrived at the point of maximal improvement. My attending Doctor agreed that there seemed little need for me to remain in the hospital, so I returned home.

I must have suffered an extension of the thrombotic process in my brain, because there was a sudden increase in my disability. Dr. Mannino was told of the change in my condition, and he advised that I return to the Licking Memorial Hospital. Joe loaded me in his car, with the help of his guest, Jim Madison, took me to the admitting department. I was admitted to the recovery room for lack of other accommodations. Dr. Mannino decided to start me on a Heparin regimen, which consisted of a series of heparin injections thru an indwelling venous catheter, carefully monitored by frequent determinations of the heparin level in my venous blood.

I was not warned that psychic manifestations were a common side effect of heparin therapy. Unpleasant hallucinations and delusion which required restraint gave me a few unpleasant days, but they cleared after a few days.

I have been on an anticoagulant and must confess that my treatment has been at caariances with good practice because I have had no laboratory evaluation of my blood status. This is my own, and not Dr. Mannino's neglect.

I returned home after seven days, I am sure improved, but still feeling some of the affects of my heparin treatment, and decided my care would be a greater burden than Bessie could support. I decided that a month in a good rest home would be helpful, so Joe admitted me to the Arlington Nursing Home for thirty days with the hope I might improve in that time. I had very good care, the nurses and other personnel were attentive, and most considerate.

I practiced my walking a great deal although I still made considerable use of the wheel chair. My roommate, Alvin Cooperrider, was a personable and fine gentleman, who made my stay in the rest home enjoyable. The rest home had just been built, and only recently occupied, so everything was spic and span.

CHAPTER II

I have always felt, and have often expressed, that I am from a lost generation. My grandfather Dooley was born in 1778, and fathered twenty-one children by two wives. His second marriage took place when he was forty-five years old, and his bride, my grandmother, was sixteen. My father was born when his father was sixty-six years old,

and I was born when my father was fifty-four years old. In the atmosphere of today's economy, one speculates how a family of twenty-three could possibly exist. I remember my father telling that many meals consisted of mush and milk, with the entire family circling a large kettle of mush, dipping their spoons in the common container. I have no recollection of any detailed accounts of my Dad's family, except a recollection of my father re-telling some accounts which had been told to him by his mother. The family moved from the south via Virginia to Kentucky, where they lived in a fort. The men worked in the fields, while being guarded against marauding Indians, and the women and children remained within the safety of the fort.

I have a little information I gained from one Robert Dooley, who at the time of our conversation was an internal auditor for the Weyerhaeuser Company. I had a telephone call early one morning when we were living in Dayton, and the caller opened the conversation by asking if the "R" in my name stood for Rueben. I replied in the negative, but told him I had an uncle Rueben who had been a Carmelite preacher. He explained that Rueben was a popular name in his family, and he had a grandfather several generations removed who bore that name. This established proof that we had common ancestors.

He had stopped in Dayton on his way east on business to search some records in Preble County for historical facts concerning the Dooley family. He related that he had been researching the family history for a number of years and had discovered that several Dooley's had played important roles in the Revolution. His research revealed that the family originally settled in Alabama, and he found one county in that state in which every resident was a Dooley or closely related to a Dooley.

The family moved from Alabama to Virginia and thence to Kentucky. After the Indian situation had been settled, they moved to Preble County, Ohio, where my father was born in 1844. My grandfather died in Preble County and is buried there.

My widowed grandmother moved her flock of children to Grant County, Indiana, four miles west of Marion, where they settled on a farm. I remember visiting my uncle Dick, who lived in the home place, with my father after my mother's death, and I recall we had roast opossum and sweet potatoes for dinner.

CHAPTER III

I have no information relating to my father's early life. I know he enlisted at the age of sixteen in Anderson, Indiana, in the thirty-fourth Indiana Infantry, which was popularly named the Morton Rifles, because Governor Morton of Indiana had contributed much time and money toward the recruiting, equipping and training of the regiment.

Dad's early experiences after his enlistment were not good. His regiment wintered their first winter in northern Kentucky and lived in tents. It was an extremely cold winter and there were no provisions for heating the tents during the frigid weather. They improvised by building fires on the ground and kept them burning all day.

CHAPTER IV

Prior to his marriage, he studied, organized and conducted singing schools over much of the county. He hauled a reed organ on a wagon to school houses where the singing schools were conducted. By the way, that organ is in the possession of my niece Mary Ruth Watson, and is still in good condition. My Dad was a skilled organist as well as a vocalist. The singing school at that time was both a social and educational event. When I was growing up it seemed like every adult in the county had gone to singing school to my Dad. He was a natural entertainer, and had extensive repertoire of songs and readings appropriate for most occasions. I can still hear him singing "Ha Ha, you and me, little brown jug don't I love thee", or "sauerkraut am goozley, sauerkraut am fine; I surely ought to know, cause I eats him all the time."

In addition to singing school, Dad gave organ lessons and he was indeed a strict teacher. He sat beside his pupil with a pointer in his hand poised to rap the knuckles of an errant hand in the event of a mistake. I started to take lessons, and ran afoul the pointer early, which terminated my music lesson very suddenly. My Dad bribed me by offering to buy me a badly needed bicycle tire if I would sing with my two sisters at a Church function. I sang alto, but cannot remember that my vocal debut was acclaimed a success. Judgment may be reached when you consider the fact that I was never invited to sing again.

CHAPTER V

My mother was a large woman and was distinguished by a large goiter. She was healthy and ruled her family with firmness and compassionate understanding. She was reared in a home in which sternness was the prevailing policy, and it was natural for her to carry her teaching over to her own family. She was a very religious person and belonged to the Wesleyan Church which was then and still is a fundamental denomination. She frowned on card playing, and after our neighbors bought a flinch deck, where we would go to play cards, we begged her to permit us to buy a deck, but she refused at first. After much persuasions on our part, she relented and permitted us to buy a deck, but under her conditions. We were told the very first time she heard an argument during a game she would toss the cards in the fireplace. We did quite well for a while, then some difference arose, an argument ensued. She did not speak a word, but carefully gathered up every card and tossed them in the fireplace. We sadly watched our cherished deck of cards go up the chimney in smoke. We never asked to replace them, because we knew we had violated the condition of their purchase, and knew from experience that in this instance there would be no compromise.

I can well remember our pantry on Saturday afternoon. The shelves were lined with pies, cakes, cookies and other goodies in preparation for company on Sunday. Nearly every Sunday, some relation, friends, or the preacher came to visit, and incidentally remained for dinner.

CHAPTER VI

My Mother was stricken with lobar pneumonia, and on February 25th, 1909, at two a.m. she was called away. She left behind a crushed, sad, and bewildered family. The afternoon prior to mother's death, she must have realized the end was near, because she called Denny to her bedside to give him some instructions, and asked him to promise her that he would look after me. I was eleven years old, and my father was sixty-five, and she judged that he might not survive to take care of me as long as I would need direction and care.

After my mother's death, my sister Ruth dropped out of school to assume the management of our household, which she did with remarkable skill and devotion.

My mother and father had looked forward to remodeling and modernizing our house which was woefully inadequate for our family. My mother had discussed her wishes as to the remodeling program. Dad decided to go on with the building because he was sure mother would have favored it, since it was one of her fondest dreams.

The building was started as soon as the weather cleared in the spring, so we had an attractive and commodious new house of five bedrooms, parlor, " family room, bath and kitchen. The plumbing was not completed in the bathroom, so we continued to patronize the little chick sales facility at the end of the garden. Our home was easily the nicest in the neighborhood, but we were all so sad that Mother could not help us enjoy it.

My earliest recollection was of primitive facilities. We pumped water by hand from a dug well in buckets and carried it to the watering troughs for our stock, also to the kitchen for cooking, and to the wash house where the family laundry was done. This was all back breaking work. We always wore clean clothes, even though it entailed strenuous efforts. We were told it is no disgrace to wear torn and patched clothes, but there is no excuse to wear soiled clothes.

CHAPTER VII

It was not easy to wrangle a living for seven, out of fifty-two acres of only fairly productive land. There were possibly twenty acres of better than average productive land, twelve acres above and twenty acres below average. My father received a pension of thirty dollars monthly for his civil war service which augmented the meager farm income.

After my grandfather Bradford's death, my mother inherited sixty acres, one and one half miles west of our home. This acreage made only a slight contribution to our income.

Nothing was wasted. I well remember the old ash hopper which stood east of our house in the chicken yard where we dumped the ashes from our stove and fireplace. When it rained the lye content went into solution and dripped down into an earthen crock and was used to make soap. The waste from the kitchen was boiled in the lye to accom-

plish saponification, resulting in an ugly brown, foul smelling concoction which we used on Monday in the family washing.

The soiled clothes were boiled in a large copper washtub on the kitchen stove and came out clean from the hand operated washing machine. I am sure today if we had to use such slow and laborious methods we would take better care of our clothes. I am sure the name "Blue Monday" came from the laborious and unpleasant task of doing the laundry which was traditionally reserved for Monday.

One of the most precious memories I harbor is that of maple syrup time which came in February or March. We had several Maple trees in our six acre wood lot which were tapped, using home made elder spigots, under which a bucket was hung to collect the sap. The sap was gathered in a barrel on a sled, pulled by faithful old Dock and emptied in large iron kettles where it was concentrated by boiling. It was a long and tedious process and seemingly such tiny rewards in the small amount of syrup for the large amount of sap processed, but it tasted mighty good on buckwheat cakes at breakfast time.

I remember so vividly when our entire family went to the sugar camp and cooked our supper. That evening of family pleasure provides me with one of my most precious memories in my full bank of memories.

My father was an expert gardener, and our garden unfailingly supplied an abundance of delicious vegetables for our dining table and for canning and preserving for winter needs. I remember that we were the only family in the neighborhood who attempted to grow celery, which required special attention and care during its growing, and after it was harvested. The plants required an extra amount of moisture and had to be bleached after they were harvested. We seemed to be more successful than our neighbors in growing watermelons and cantaloupes, and always seemed to have plenty to give away. One summer I remember was an exceptionally good melon season and we had far more than we and our neighbors could eat, so we took a wagon load of beautiful melons into town hoping we might sell them to grocery stores, but there was no sale for them. We threw out the melons along the roadside during our journey home.

We stopped at a grocery store and purchased a slice of cheese, a can of sardines, five cents worth of crackers and cookies, each item costing five cents, and had a lunch fit for a king, as we bumped along the rough gravel road.

I can still see our cellar as it appeared in the fall of the year after the vegetables and fruits had been gathered, canned or preserved for the winter season. On the rear wall of the twenty foot square cellar room were bins heaped full of potatoes, sweet potatoes, cabbage, celery, turnips, parsnips and carrots. Along the sides of the room were sturdy shelves supporting row after row of cans containing tomatoes, sweet corn, green beans, black raspberries, cherries, peaches, strawberries, apple butter, mince meat and sundry other fruits, vegetables and meats after the butchering season. The building over the cellar we called the smoke house and our cured meats hung from the ceiling beams and were easily accessible to the kitchen. Certainly no better example of planned providence could be found than our cellar and smoke house provided.

The family did not enjoy many luxuries. We were plainly and inexpensively dressed and lived a generally spartan life, but we were never undernourished. With a productive garden with a wealth of vegetables, fields of wheat to produce our flour, pigs and cattle for our meat, hens to give us eggs and chicken dinners, contented cows in the barn to supply milk, orchards to give boundless supplies of apples, peaches, cherries, plums, gooseberries, raspberries and strawberries, we enjoyed luxuries as great as a king could afford.

Butchering day was a special day for me, it meant our neighbors would come early in the morning and stay all day. We would have dinner together and have great fun joshing and joking with each other. It was the only day I asked and was permitted to stay home from school.

The extensive preparations for butchering had been done the day before. The large iron kettles were brought out and set up near the woodhouse for heating water to be used in the butchering routine. The old mud boat sled was backed to the woodhouse to make a platform needed in the preparation of the carcasses. A derrick was improvised to suspend the hog for gutting and cooling in the crisp early winter air. It usually took the fore noon for the actual butchering and the afternoon was spent in dismembering the carcasses, trimming the hams, shoulders, etc., with the

lean trimmings cut in small pieces for sausage and the fat being rendered for lard. My Dad always rendered the lard because he possessed a special expertise required and also because he had an unusual tolerance for smoke. He could stand all afternoon stirring the lard with a big wooden paddle and suffer no ill effects from his constant exposure to smoke.

Contrary to my family's practice of not discarding anything usable, the majority of the so called offal's were not used. Kidneys, sweetbreads and spleens were fed to the dogs. Much of the liver was made into liver pudding and the pigs feet pickled and preserved. The meat from the head was made into head cheese and mince meat. After the butchering was completed, the hams, shoulders, bacon and seasoning parts were packed in a barrel and covered with salt. After they were given time to cure, they were hung on racks in the little smoke house where they were smoked with smoke from a fire of corncobs, sassafras and hickory wood. After the smoke had thoroughly penetrated the meat, each joint was placed in separate muslin bags and hung on the ceiling joists of the smoke house.

We were usually very hungry for fresh meat because all summer our meat diet had been cured meats or chicken and our appetites were keenly whetted for a taste of fresh meat. We could not wait for supper to get a taste of fresh meat, but prepared some in advance by suspending a tenderloin strip on the end of a string and dropping it in a kettle of rendering lard to be cooked to a delicious bit, and which in turn made us more anxious for a full meal of fresh pork.

After the lard was rendered, the solids were transferred to a press which pressed out all the remaining lard, and the solids were conveyed to a mass of residue we called cracklings, which had a good flavor and always presented a temptation to over eat, usually resulting in gastrointestinal upsets.

No history of the Caleb Dooley family would be complete without a tribute to our faithful old horse Dock. He was a beautiful light bay horse of about 1200 pounds and from a breed known as Copper bottom, which is now extinct. My father bought him after my parents were married and started farming. Our family really grew up with old Dock, and we all loved him giving him a human quality. He trotted gracefully when hitched to a buggy, and when hitched to a corn cultivator he would turn at the end of a row without trampling the delicate young corn plants. I am sure if there is a horse heaven, old Dock is serenely grazing in the lush celestial pastures under the watchful eye of the arch angel.

CHAPTER VIII

I have memories of only one grandparent. My father's parents died many years before I was born. Grandfather Bradford owned a section of land, had large barns, and one of the most pretentious homes in the community. He lived alone when I knew him, and frequently visited us driving a white horse, Old Bill, hitched to a cart. I plainly remember my mother had stopped her work to remove a splinter from my hand. I remember he reproached her for wasting her time in removing a splinter from my hand when it would fester out. He was a square jawed man with an inordinately positive personality. We attended the farm auction held after my Grandfather's death and I still feel the pangs of disappointment I experienced because my Dad did not buy my grandfather's horse pistol which he carried when he was transporting slaves over one leg of the underground railway. A little music box had been a favorite of mine and my father did not bid on it, and someone else bought it. I remember my mother relating experiences he had told her about hauling slaves from his farm to near Huntington, Indiana. They were transported from Anderson, Indiana to his farm north of Marion, where they were fed and hidden in the haymow over night. In the morning they were fed, hidden in a load of hay and driven eighteen miles to Huntington.

It was very risky because bounty hunters were numerous since they received a handsome bounty for the return of an escaped slave. The penalty for engaging in the illegal underground railway was quite severe. Grandfather traveled with his big old horse pistol beside him on the wagon seat and I am sure he would have used it before he surrendered his cargo of slaves.

CHAPTER IX

I was teed on Civil War stories. My Dad had three Civil War cronies who lived nearby and they enjoyed getting

together to swap stories and of course I listened most attentively to everything that was said. Their names were Oil Cox, Henry Waggoner and Sam Blinn. Sam Blinn was the neighborhood drunk, and it was a common sight to see him stoned. It seemed that during most of their bull sessions the conversation would return to the battle of Champion Hills. I began to suspect that their estimate of the battle of Champion Hills was greatly exaggerated. I had never read in my history books any mention of the battle, let alone ascribing any importance to it. My father's regiment, the 34th Indiana, was marching enroute to Vicksburg and camped on the Champion farm about eight miles from Vicksburg. There was not the slightest expectation that the rebels under the command of the famous Confederate General Joe Johnson, were nearby, enroute to relieve the beleaguered Confederate troops under Pemberton at Vicksburg. General Johnson was surprised by the presence of the Union forces because his intelligence had not accounted for my Dad's regiment which was stationed between Johnson's forces and Vicksburg. A brief but fierce and bloody battle ensued with the 34th Indiana being victorious and the rebels retreated. History reveals that Pemberton surrendered Vicksburg very soon after the Battle of Champion Hills. The loss of Vicksburg split the Confederate supply lines leading to a Union victory in the Midwest and the beginning of Confederate decline in strength. Indeed the Battle of Champion Hills might truthfully be regarded as the starting point of the Confederate decline in the fortunes of war.

I recall my father telling of entering Vicksburg that Fourth of July and seeing the starving people devouring ill tasting and spoiled salt pork rations which had been supplied by the Union Commissary. He related that the inhabitants had been eating cats, dogs, rats and anything they could produce to avoid starvation.

CHAPTER X

My father's regiment moved from Vicksburg to New Orleans, where they were stationed for several months.

From New Orleans they crossed the Gulf of Mexico in a cattle boat and were stationed in Brownsville. Their presence in Brownsville was occasioned by rumors that an ally of the Confederacy was planning an attack on the Union forces by approaching through Mexico and Texas. The war ended while Dad's regiment was in Brownsville, from which place he was discharged. He remained in Texas for awhile working as a cowhand. He helped drive cattle to market over the Chisom Trail. The government made land in Kansas available to veterans. Dad staked out a claim, but let it go back to the government by his failure to meet all the conditions required by the government to validate a claim.

My memory is vague on Dad's whereabouts after his Texas experience, but I presume he returned home to Indiana. He worked in the forest clearing land for farms and I know he was employed for a while hewing railroad cross ties. Later he was employed as a farm hand by my Grandfather Bradford, where he met, courted and married my mother who was sixteen years his junior.

They purchased the fifty-two acre Joel Jackson farm and started housekeeping. In due time the little Dooley's began to arrive, first my brother Dennison, then Paul, Ruth, Mary and lastly me, on my mothers birthday. By the time I arrived the house was pretty well filled.

My family was a congenial family. I never heard my mother and father engage in an argument, although I am sure they must have had some because of the difference in their temperaments. My father was excitable and quick to anger and my mother was complacent, calm, and self disciplined. My brothers and sisters could easily be classified into one of two categories. One brother and one sister were temperamentally similar to my father, and the other brother and sister favored our mother. I have been told many times that my temperament matches my fathers. My mother was quite religious as I have stated before. Nothing was allowed to interfere with family morning worship which consisted of Bible reading and prayer. We never ate a meal without Grace being said by either my father or mother. We attended Church most of the day every Sunday.

We were strictly trained to abide by the golden rule, respect and revere our God, and have boundless faith in our constitution and country. My father was a solid Republican and was wary of most Democrats. His advice to his sons was that there are two creatures on this earth you can't trust, one is a rattlesnake, and the other is a Democrat. I believe in the early history of political parties the rattlesnake was the emblem of the Democratic Party.

We were the first farmers in our community to own a binder or reaping machine used in harvesting wheat and oats.

The binder was a very sophisticated implement for that day and of course its sophistication made it temperamental and subject to frequent episodes of malfunction. It broke down about noontime, and Dad hurried through his meal to return to the field to repair the binder.

Dil Cox, a wartime crony of Dad's and a neighbor, was hired to help with the wheat harvest, told the following story.

Dil returned to the field where Dad was working and Dad did not notice his approach because he was working under the binder, and was talking to himself repeatedly saying "Keep cool Caleb, Keep cool Caleb".

Dad heeded his good advice which resulted in the successful repair of the disabled machine.

I could fill many pages relating memories of my boyhood days, but the following stands out the freshest in my memory because it has always mystified me.

I was going fishing in the gravel pit five hundred yards north of our barn. To reach the pond I had to walk through a field of deep clover. A sow had escaped from her pen and had elected to farrow her litter of pigs in the clover field. I was unaware of the sow's presence, and unfortunately stepped on one of her little pigs which responded with a loud and distressed squeal. The sow reacted as any good mother would to protect her pig by charging me with her mouth open and her eyes flashing anger. I froze with fear, and did not move, and the angry sow came within three feet of me, stopped and turned away. I still recall the resignation I felt, and the thought my time had come to depart this life. I have never understood why. I met the situation as I did because I did not have time to reason out a course of action or choose alternatives. I could not have run in the deep clover, and I had nothing with which to defend myself against the angry beast, and by running I would have invited the animal to attack. I have been told that a sow with young pigs is vicious, and dangerous if her pigs are molested.

Since reading Billy Graham's book on Angels, I wonder if a Guardian Angel might not have come to my rescue. I proceeded to the fishing pond without further close calls, but you can bet your life I avoided the clover field on my return home.

I was always fascinated by the blacksmith and his shop in the little village of Hanfield. I longed to take my place in front of the forge and anvil to hammer the glowing hot steel into some chosen shape. The chance to fulfill my desires came when the oil boom came to our area. A tool yard along with a blacksmith shop was established a short distance from our home. The tool yard was not used on Sunday which gave me the chance to realize my dreams, and get my fill of pumping the bellows, watching the glowing fire, and hammering the red hot steel. I selected a Sunday morning, and slipped away after breakfast before it was time to get ready for Church, started a fire in the forge, and at last was realizing my ambition of being a blacksmith. I was having great fun making tongs, chains, and chisels, until I unfortunately grasped a piece of hot metal and seared the skin in the palm of my right hand, which abruptly terminated my blacksmithing activities for that day.

I started across the field on my way home when I observed a bull eyeing my presence. I can never be sure of the bull's intentions, but when he started to move in my direction I ran to a nearby apple tree and scampered up the tree to remove myself from the possible threat the bull posed. He lingered under the tree for a while and then moved on giving me the opportunity to drop to the ground and hurry to a nearby fence and safety. I have never been sure whether or not the bull meant to harm me or only wanted me to rub his nose, but being in doubt, the course I pursued seemed the prudent one. So far, my day had fallen short of my expectations, a burnt hand, a bad scare by a bull, and the worst of all a confrontation with my Dad, who would be judge, prosecutor and executioner in my trial of disobedience.

I did not have long to wait, my Dad met me as I entered the yard, and there was no mistaking that he was definitely displeased. I explained my actions and exhibited my burnt hand, now covered with a large blister, hoping the sight of my injury might stir a wave of compassion to soften the severity of the penalty. I didn't have to wait long for his decision. He reached in to his pocket and brought out his old Barlow knife, the one he used for whittling, cutting off chunks of plug tobacco and castrating pigs, and dramatically pointed to the nearby orchard. Previous experience had educated me in its meaning. I was to proceed to the orchard and cut a branch from an apple tree no less than one half inch in diameter. If I returned with a branch less than the minimum requirements, it would only prolong the agony of waiting, and mean another trip to the orchard.

With the whip in hand, Dad applied it to my backside like he was in a "hurry. I reacted by giving out with loud, agonizing outbursts, because experience had taught me that the earlier and louder I yelled, the sooner Dad would quit.

A whipping was not only painful, but disgraceful in our family, and the punished one felt ostracized for the balance of the day. I was a thoroughly chastened boy, and had indeed learned a hard lesson that day.

CHAPTER XI

This chapter should be entitled, "now I am a man". This story is not one of which I am proud, but is a rather humorous episode enacted during my boyhood days, and it marks the time at which I had grown up. My father and I were burning trash that had accumulated during the previous winter at the site of a dump some five hundred yards from the house. It was a warm day and the heat from the burning trash pile quickly dehydrated me, so I soon needed a drink. I proceeded to make my way to the house, and started to enter the kitchen when my sister Ruth, who was busily mopping the kitchen floor, asked me not to walk across the damp floor. I could have gotten a cooler and fresher drink at the well, which was just as close, and as handy as the kitchen tank. But, I was not going to be ordered around, so I proceeded to walk into the kitchen. My sister told me if I walked on the floor she would strike me with the mop. I did not heed her warning, and continued across the floor, whereupon, she took a "Babe Ruth swing" with the wet mop, and struck me square in the face. She dropped the mop, sped up the stairs with my sister Mary in close pursuit, and locked the bedroom door behind them. They called to my Dad from the bedroom window and he came to their rescue. We walked back to the dump site where we had been working. My Dad picked up a barrel stave and informed me he intended to make it difficult for me to forget my folly, and approached me as if he planned to apply the barrel stave to my backside. I drew myself rigidly to my full height, and answered I had no intention of receiving a whipping, and he must have lacked a desire to pursue the confrontation, and dropped the stave in the fire, and that day, and place, I became a man, and was never punished by whipping again.

There was not much pain in the little tiff, but the Humiliation was colossal.

CHAPTER XII

Another important event in our calendar year was threshing day. Several neighbors pooled their teams, and personnel to form a thrashing ring. When threshing time came they contracted with a threshing machine operator to do threshing for the entire ring. It required several teams of horses and considerable manpower to keep the threshing machine in operation.

The most important item of the day was the dinner. Each housewife tried to outdo the others in quality and quantity. Usually after the threshing was completed, an oyster supper or ice cream social was planned to celebrate the end of the harvest.

Another humorous event has remained with me thru the years. We were shredding corn, which is a process where the corn stalks are fed into a machine, the ear of corn is shucked, and the fodder chopped in small pieces and blown to the hayloft for cow feed. Several neighbors were helping us. Dad took me to town to buy me a pair of shoes, called Bump Toe shoes which were the prevailing fashion for adult wear. I set my heart on buying Bump Toe shoes even though they were all too large for me.

I persuaded my Dad to buy the oversized shoes, and wore them home because I thought it would be nice to give our neighbors who were shredding corn, a fashion show. My legs were small and skinny, and my heavy ribbed black stockings which met my knickers at the knees, increased the effect of skinniness. The oversized shoes, increased by the big bump tipped toes, made me look like Mickey Mouse. I walked by Dillon McCracken, the community dude, who I most wanted to impress. I expected to receive a flattering compliment from Dillon on my Bump Toe shoes. Instead, he doubled up with uncontrollable laughter, and when he could get his breath again, remarked, "You look like you have traded legs with the stork, and was cheated out of your rear". I got the point of his joke, but I still loved my big Bump Toe Shoes.

I attended the little old one room Hanfield School. I liked school, and always made good grades. I developed an ability to concentrate because we had to study while other classes recited. My ability to concentrate was a talent I used to advantage through all of my educational experiences and on into the practice of medicine.

In school we regularly terminated the week by having spelling and ciphering matches on Friday afternoon. Our competitive inclinations were developed and whetted in the school room instead of on the playing field or in the gymnasium. Once or twice during the winter we traveled to a neighboring school in horse drawn sleds where we engaged our rival school in spelling and ciphering matches. The contests were spirited, exciting, and the trip was especially nice because it afforded an opportunity to snuggle close to your favorite girl in the sled.

The last day of school was the biggest event in our social calendar. Parents came to school with well filled baskets and tables were fashioned out of boards laid across desks on which a veritable banquet was spread.

The pupils presented a program of theatrics, readings, and singing which always received the enthusiastic plaudits of our visitors. I was always anxious for school to end and equally anxious for it to start in the fall. While our present day educational system is far superior to the one room concept, there is some good that can be said about the schools of yesteryear. Stress was laid on the fundamentals of reading, writing, spelling and arithmetic, which are still the bedrock of an education.

Another social was sometimes held, the so called box social. The girls would bring fancy boxes decorated with crepe paper and filled with fancy sandwiches, cookies and other delicious tid-bits. The boxes were auctioned off to the highest bidder. The purchaser then was entitled to enjoy eating the contents, along with the seller. I am sure many a romance budded from a box social contact.

CHAPTER XIII

I took the county examination which determined by fitness to graduate from the 8th grade.

My plans definitely included entering high school, although, at that time, an 8th grade education was considered adequate, the common opinion being that only lazy and no accounts continued in high school. I was the object of derision and ridicule by my classmates for my decision to go to high school. Two others from my class entered high school but dropped out after a few weeks.

I did quite well in high school with the exception of Latin, which was very difficult for me. I did not take Latin in my Junior year, and made perfect grades in every subject, and I really excelled in history.

I was some times ridiculed by my dude city classmates for having muddy shoes. It was impossible to walk one and one half miles on muddy country roads without gathering mud on ones shoes. I accepted their slurs without being adversely affected.

The Spring of 1913 was the flood year which brought destruction to Dayton and Marion. I was living with my father in the home place and commuted to school on the old M.B.&E inter-urban line. On the evening of the flood, water covered the inter-urban bridge, and it could not operate. I found the cloverleaf railroad was still running trains, and I could ride to Landesville, which was one half mile further from home than my destination on the inter-urban, but I was anxious to go home, which was a mistake, because by morning, the trains couldn't run.

My father took me to town in a buggy and drove to the waters edge. I then climbed on the railroad bridge which was being held down against the surging waters by cars loaded with coal. I walked across the loaded cars to the other side where I had to walk a considerable distance in water a foot deep before I could get to dry land. I finally reached school to report my tardiness. It was a foolhardy undertaking, and I am surprised by Father allowed me to take the chance I took, because a missed step as I leaped from car to car, and I would have fallen into the swollen river.

During my second year in high school, I lived with my sister Ruth, and her husband Floyd who had married in the summer and were living with his parents whose home was only a few hundred feet from the traction stop. I helped

care for their extensive herds of stock before and after I went to school. The first and only winter I lived with them there was a heavy snowfall, so great in fact that all roads were closed as well as the traction line. I insisted on going to school and walked along the railroad tracks four miles in snow above my knees. I reached the edge of town where by that time the trolley cars were running, so I took a trolley to school.

I reported to the principals office because I was tardy, and he was so impressed by my feat that he called several teachers to his office to tell them what I had done. A classmate much larger and stronger than me lived across the street from the school and missed classes because he claimed he couldn't cross the street.

CHAPTER XIV

In my junior year in high school I started working at the YMCA as a night clerk. My compensation was my dormitory room rent. I manned the night desk, renting rooms, supervising the recreation rooms and transacting a great amount of business. I ate at a local greasy spoon, and really had a free and enjoyable year. Doubtless, the most important event of my lifetime took place when I met and started dating Jessie Maud Shannon. She is the first and only girl I ever had. Our first date was New Year's Eve, and we attended a picture show which unknown to me was in violation of her parents wishes. Our courtship became serious quite soon, for it seemed we were destined for each other. It seemed unwise for us to become serious with so many years of college ahead of me, but once you get stung by the love bug, there is no workable antidote for the disease which follows.

I graduated from high school with a very good scholastic record, except in Latin, which was only fair.

I entered DePauw University along with Russ Lavengood, in the Fall. Russ and I had a pact that we would go through college and medical school together, which was broken when I enlisted at the beginning of World War I. I did quite well scholastically at DePauw, except for the foreign language bug-a-boo, this time it was German.

April 6th, War was declared against Germany, and six days later I enlisted in Headquarters Company, 150th Field Artillery, after I was assured we would be a part of the Rainbow Division and slated for early overseas duty. Thinking we would be called soon, I went home for a visit before launching my military career. After a few days I was notified that it would be some time before I would be called to duty, so I returned to college to finish out the semester. Several classmates enlisted later. The regimental band was recruited at Indiana University and Headquarters Company was largely-made up of boys from Butler and DePauw Universities.

The regiment was mustered in service August 12th, at Fort Ben Harrison. We were drilled in close order marching, and had formal guard mount and retreat each evening. Our officers were mounted, and the entire regiment was decked out in its best attire. Many people from Indianapolis drove out to the parade grounds to witness the pomp and pageantry.

When the time grew near for our departure from Ft. Harrison to proceed to the east coast prior to embarkation for overseas, we were told we could have leaves to go home for family visits and goodbyes. I had written Jess and my father of the likelihood of my visit, but for some reason all leaves were cancelled. I decided as did many others that I was going home, leave or no leave. A comrade answered my name at roll call so that it was possible for me to go home on the traction, and be back for morning roll call, without being reported absent. My biggest problem was evading the sentry on my return to camp. I went home, said my goodbyes, and still had the problem of getting through the guard line without detection. I can still see my old father leaning on his cane after we shook hands and repeated our goodbyes. I looked back through tear dimmed eyes to see him looking at me as I walked toward the inter-urban station. My guardian angel must have still been with me because I was able to pass through the rear gate of the fort, and waited until the sentry was at the most distant point on his post, when I slipped out of his sight on my way undetected to my tent. The guard house was full and overflowing with soldiers who had been guilty of being absent without leave, on the same weekend I went home.

The time came for us to start our journey to the AEF. We entrained at Ft. Harrison and arrived at Camp Mills in Long Island. We again were quartered in a tent camp. The sod had been removed from the ground, and the dust stirred by so many walking feet was a colossal problem. We resumed our close order drill and formal guard mount was conducted to the last day of our stay at Camp Mills. It may be of interest that I walked post in front of General

McArthurs tent. He was a Colonel then, and Brigade Adjutant. We packed our gear along with extra clothes and tolled articles we were advised to take along, and marched off to the pier at Hoboken, where we embarked on the S.S. Lincoln, which would be our home for over two weeks.

We were part of an experiment to ascertain if the German freighters which had been interned at the beginning of the war in 1914 were seaworthy after they had been repaired. The German crews had sabotaged the ships by damaging them with sledge hammers to vital operating machinery, to render them useless to their enemies.

Electro-welding had just been developed and an enthusiastic young naval officer had convinced his superiors that the damaged machinery could be repaired by electro-welding. The ships were hurriedly repaired and fitted into troop transport ships, and had only a very brief shake down cruise before we embarked for overseas. Our regiment boarded the S.S. Lincoln which was sunk by a torpedo in the English Channel as it was returning home after delivering its second load of troops.

We were told repeatedly that the ship would stay afloat at least eighteen hours after being struck by a torpedo, but when it was torpedoed, it sank in fifteen minutes.

Only a small fraction of the ships compliment would have been rescued in that little time. The German freighters were certainly not designed for troop transports so that sanitary, dining and sleeping facilities were completely inadequate.

We were constantly reminded of the ever present danger of submarine attack and alarms calling us to anti-submarine drill were frequently sounded. When the alarm sounded we were never sure whether it was a practice call or an actual attack.

The third day out of New York we encountered stormy weather and rough seas. We had slum-gullion stew for breakfast and lunch. We only had two meals a day, so the first meal of the day was breakfast and lunch combined. The slum-gullion stew and rough seas combined to make the rails the most popular spots on the ship.

The duty officer had difficulty finding enough able bodied men to furnishour complement of anti-submarine guards. I was a corporal and was not subject to general duty, but I volunteered because it removed me from the sleeping quarters which were poorly ventilated and unpleasantly odorous. I stood guard with a young officer from Purdue. We discovered we were fraternity brothers, and we stood guard together the remainder of our voyage. We stood in a little compartment the size of a telephone booth, and looked out over the ocean thru a slit window at eye level. There was a shelf below the window on which there was a device, calibrated in degrees with a movable pointer in the center of the quadrant. If we saw an object on the water we lined it up with the movable indicator, and read the degree to the officer on the bridge who by setting his indicator at the reading we reported he could quickly spot the object that had come into our view, and take appropriate action. We reported every object we saw afloat regardless of its resemblance to a periscope.

After fourteen days we reached St. Nazaire, our port of debarkation. We did not disembark immediately because of some confusion in orders; and remained aboard for another week, during which time our sanitary facilities malfunctioned, and the stench was almost intolerable.

We finally rolled our blanket rolls with all our equipment and entrained in the little old French forty eight boxcars and were on our way to Camp Coequidon which had been a Calvary camp in the time of Napoleon. We were quartered in crudely constructed cantonments which allowed the cold wind and sometimes snow free ingress through the cracks in the siding boards.

I was made mail corporal in charge of regimental mail. My Sgt. and I had a mild disagreement and he charged me with insubordination. I was called to the Regimental Adjutants office and was informed of the charges. Capt. Glosbrenner, the Adjutant, told me he did not want a court marshal proceeding on my service record, so he reduced me to a private and gave me my choice of another duty. I chose telephone detail, and eventually became the regimental telephone operator.

We took special training in all forms of communication, telephone, telegraph, semi phone, heliography, flashlight, Morse code, and others.

We spent our first Christmas in Coequidon and had our barracks gaily decorated. Holly and mistletoe grew in great profusion in the nearby woods, and we hauled wagon loads to be used in our holiday decorations.

Washington's Birthday marked the date of our departure for the front lines. We boarded the little old forty et eight train, and detrained at Baccarat, which was on the Lorraine front. This was a quiet sector and we remained in position there for six months. We broke into battle experience gradually, and became prepared for more exacting and exciting duty. We then moved to the Champaign front, from there to Château Thierry, an to the Argonne, and St. Miril. Our regiment participated in every battle which American troops were engaged and we were the only American division to fight in the Battle of Champaign.

We were billeted in the basement of a house at Mt. Faucon, which had been leveled by artillery fire. We were within range of enemy rifle fire and had to stay in the cellar during daylight hours to avoid enemy sharpshooter's bullets.

One morning before daylight, I was awakened by our Captain and told to hurriedly roll my blanket roll so we could leave for the rear before daylight. I naturally asked the meaning of his orders and he replied that the Colonel had appointed me to West Point. I inquired if I had to go and he replied only a fool would pass up an opportunity to get out of this hell hole. I told him I had no interest in West Point, and preferred not to go. A substitute was named to replace me, but failed to pass the entrance examination and was immediately promoted to a 2nd Lt.

While on the Champaign front, our post of command was situated in a very deep dugout, which was camouflaged by a special netting supported on six foot poles to conceal the position of the dugout and provided protection for troops above the ground. The dugout was so poorly ventilated that frequent trips topside were needed for breathing fresh air to replace the carbon dioxide saturated air in the lungs.

I was relieved at the switch board to go topside to re-vitalize myself, and walked about under the safety of the camouflage netting. I noticed a puff of smoke some one half mile away. Shortly there was another shell burst a little closer. I was not alarmed because by that time we had grown accustomed to such sights. I loitered at a poker game which was being played on a table of ammunition boxes by motorcycle couriers. After a time I continued on my way to the dugout entrance to return to my switchboard duty. I heard the warning scream of an oncoming shell, and I noticed several French soldiers who were standing nearby take a hurried belly flop and I did likewise just in time because the shell landed no more than twenty feet away where I had been standing, and killed all the men who were engaged in the card game.

I have often wondered in my guardian angel had a hand in moving me to safety.

We moved out of the battle front to bivouac in a grain field on November 10th. The morning of the 11th we saw a French Spad airplane engaging in daring acrobatics which made us speculate what the occasion might be for his unusual behavior. Our radio equipment was not operating, so we had no news from the outside world. Our radio detail quickly activated their equipment, and were able to get a news broadcast from Arlington, Virginia which told us of the war's end.

Of course we were jubilant but had nothing special with which to celebrate. We gathered wood to make a bon-fire for the eve of Armistice Day, the first open fire we had seen since our arrival at the front eight months before.

We marched thru northern France, Luxembourg, Belgium, Southern Germany, to reach Nuenahr, which was to be our home for the next three months as a part of the Army of Occupation.

We returned to dear old USA aboard the passenger ship Leviathan, then the largest ship afloat. We were carried by train on a triumphant journey back home to Indiana. After a regimental parade through the streets of Indianapolis, we moved on to Camp Taylor at Louisville, Ky., to be mustered out of the service.

I picked up the pieces of civil life by taking a position of Veterans Secretary at the Marion YMCA. I spent a very pleasant summer living in the YMCA Dormitory and assisting returning veterans in their efforts of returning to civil life.

I am sure the most important decision of my life was asking Jessie to be my wife. We stood in the archway between the living and dining rooms, and were married by Grandfather Shannon. He was a splendid public speaker, and a perfectionist in his delivery and speaking style. He had a slip of the tongue in performing our ceremony, and when he was joshed by Jess for making the unexpected error, he replied, "but this is my last daughter, and it was a little different,"

I had an allotment of fifteen dollars monthly of my thirty dollars military pay, sent to Paul who banked it for me, which increased my bank account to six hundred dollars, which represented the total of my financial resources.

I chose to enter Lewis-Institute in Chicago because it afforded a splendid re-medical course.

I went to Chicago to enroll in college and find living quarters for me and my bride. I arrived in Chicago early in the morning and called on friends from Marion, the Reynold family, who were in Chicago where Mr. Reynolds and his two sons were studying a drugless system of healing at the Chicago School of Napraphy. The sons were high school classmates of ours and the father had been a successful real estate operator.

I had lunch with them and on their insistence visited their school. During my visit to their school they tried to convince me that medicine was a dying profession, and would eventually be replaced by the drugless system. I was introduced to several members of the faculty who took turns applying pressure to change my mind. It was a highly pressured brain washing procedure, which was capped by a visit to the College President's office in the Loop. The President had a very elaborate office, with an ornate waiting room and trim neatly furnished treatment rooms and uniformed nurses. The President was very impressive, and I am sure most proficient in recruiting students for his school. He pointed out the expense of a medical education was prohibitive to everybody except the rich, and further emphasized that his course was only two years and that I could be out making money long before I would finish Medical School. He seemed to know my weak areas, and kept bringing them up in our discussion.

By this time it was late afternoon and Mr. Reynolds boarded a trolley to return home, and in my bewilderment I finally found the YMCA Hotel where I was staying.

I was terribly confused, and in doubt as to what I should do. I decided to visit the cafeteria, and have dinner. I selected a dinner and sat down at a table only to discover that I could not eat, so I left the table with my dinner untouched. I entered the lobby and purchased a newspaper, but found my mind was in such a turmoil I couldn't read.

I returned to my cell-like room, sat on the edge of the bed hoping I might find an answer. As I sat staring at the bare walls, my memory traveled back to our old home place. I thought of my mother, and suddenly, it occurred to me that I hadn't tapped the most important resource of all, so I dropped to my knees and dispatched a message heavenward that I am sure was hastened along the way because of its urgency. Immediately I had a feeling of relief, my anxiety was gone, my confusion had been replaced by clarity, and a sense of security had ruled out all thoughts of failure. That evening started me on a medical career of fifty years duration. I wonder if my guardian angel had a hand in preventing me from making a monumental mistake.

I retired, slept soundly, and the next morning enrolled at Lewis Institute. My bride came to Chicago after I had rented light housekeeping rooms, and joined me in the Windy City. Chicago at that time was corrupt and gsters were in full sway, so that the streets were unsafe. It is interesting to recall that our weekly budget was twelve dollars, six for room rent, and six for groceries.

I had a fine year at Lewis Institute, which enabled me to enroll at the University of Illinois College of Medicine without any trouble. My first year of medicine went smoothly. I transferred to the University of Cincinnati because Jess's father rented an apartment in Cincinnati for his use in connection with his position as a national church officer, and he offered us the use of the apartment rent free, which was too tempting to pass up.

My scholastic record at the Cincinnati Medical College was quite good, indeed good enough to justify my election

to AOA, the Honorary Medical Fraternity.

Graduation time usually calls for new clothes, but our finances were too depleted to allow for such an extravagance. Jess bought a new dress to wear to my commencement because she had nothing suitable for such an important occasion. She bought enough pongee material to make Bud a little sailor suit. My old worn-out suit was covered by my academic robe, so altogether, we made a nice looking trio.

I interned and served residency at the Miami Valley Hospital, and my record was good enough to attract an offer of a very coveted position as assistant to Drs. Bowers and Arn. After a year I entered private practice.

It is probably not necessary for me to list my honors. By doing so I run the risk of appearing boastful, which is certainly not my intention. The following is a list of my honors as I remember them.

Elected to AOA Honorary Medical Fraternity, offered but declined internship at Cincinnati General Hospital, appointed to Staff of Miami Valley Hospital, elected Secretary of that Miami Valley Hospital Staff, elected Chief of Staff, elected to Board of Trustees of MVH, appointed Chief of Obstetrical Service of MVH, appointed Chief of State Obstetrical Section of the Ohio State Medical Society, served one year as Chairman of the State Judicial Council, served eighteen years as Delegate to the Ohio State House of Delegates, Councilor to the Ohio State Medical Association from the 2nd District, served on the Board of Directors of Ohio Medical Indemnity, Vice President of OMI, Chairman of the Executive Committee, received the Outstanding Medical Citizen Award from the Montgomery County Medical Society, received citations from Dayton Community Chest and Dayton Social Hygiene Society. My most recent Citation is my Fifty Year Award, also a member of the College of OBGYN, and the Dayton Civil War Roundtable.

But, the honor I esteem the greatest, was being the husband of Jessie Maud Shannon, the Father of Bud and Joe, and the Grandfather of five promising little Dooleys.

My story is not quite ended until I recite my most current and last experience in my flirtation with danger. I drove to Columbus from Dayton frequently to attend Board Meetings of the Ohio Medical Indemnity, and I usually drove home by way of route forty, which was straight, level and a four lane highway. This particular balmy early spring evening seemed to lure me to what we named the back way through Xenia. I was driving my brand new Cadillac, and was cruising peacefully along at sixty miles per hour when I came to the crest of a hill and immediately in front of me were two large tractor trailer rigs, one trying to pass the other, and completely filling the narrow highway.

There was no time to select a course of action. I froze at the wheel, my arms ached afterwards from the tension of my effort. One rig, the one on the proper side of the road gave all the road he possibly could without running in the ditch. The rig which was on the wrong side of the road turned sharply in the shallow side ditch, and I steered precisely between them. Each of us did exactly the correct thing, if either of us had deviated from the course we took, there would have been a disastrous accident. I slackened my speed the rest of the way home, and thanked God for delivering me from the very threshold of disaster. I have often thought my guardian angel was riding with me that night.

I feel I cannot close the pages of this book without recording my profound appreciation of Bessie, for her love, devotion, and kind care and attention during my illness. Her presence made it possible for me to enjoy my last months on this earth. Joe has helped greatly in editing and printing this little booklet. Without him I could not have achieved its production. I am most grateful to him.

Good bye, and God Bless You Dad